

ISSUED
EVERY
THURSDAY

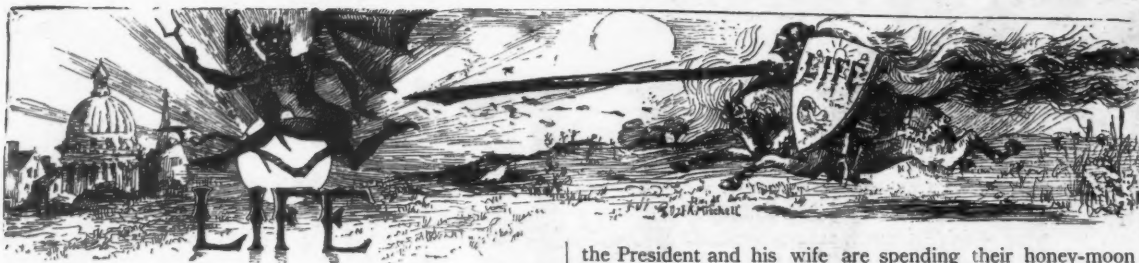
Ten Cents
a Copy



ON HIS OWN GROUND.

Dr. Pillbury: SO YOU HAVE BEEN EATING TOO MUCH CANDY AGAIN. YOU WILL NEVER GET WELL AS LONG AS YOU DO THAT.

Emma (who has lately taken up physiology): OH, I GUESS I WILL! THE GHASTLY JUICE WILL CHYME IT INTO CHYLE WHEN THE AGITATION OF THE DIAGRAM WILL NATURALIZE THE INSPIRATION AND RESOLVE IT INTO SWEET BREAD OR PAN-GREASE, WHICH MERELY ACTS AS A SUPÉRIFIC.



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THEY have a new scheme down South which bids fair to do away with Matrimonial Agencies. The young ladies and gentlemen of a certain South Carolina town have formed a society for the furtherance of the matrimonial wishes of its members without the attendant embarrassments peculiar to the ceremony of "popping the question."

The President of the Club, who is sworn to eternal secrecy, receives communications from the various members, containing the preferences of each, and where the preferences are reciprocal, a match is arranged, the President notifying the lady and gentleman directly interested. When there is no reciprocity, a dead calm, so to speak, comes over the Society, and the young ladies return weeping to their homes while the youths fondle their six-shooters or look upon the wine when it is red.

The Society is at present in a turmoil, for a certain Miss Jaiques filled out a printed blank to the effect that she considered George Braun about her idea of what a man should be, while Mr. Braun confidentially informed the President that he rather leaned toward Matilda Perkins, and particularly despised Miss Jaiques. Now, it so happened that the President himself had a vague idea that Matilda Perkins was the sweetest thing on earth, and seeing to his chagrin from a paper before him that Matilda reciprocated George's affection, was mad with jealousy. Impelled by this feeling, he announced before the club that a match had been arranged between Miss Jaiques and Mr. Braun. Miss Jaiques, of course, was delighted; Miss Perkins was piqued, and Mr. Braun was dumfounded.

Mr. Braun kicked up a rumpus, and demanded an official count, and worked on Miss Jaiques' feelings to such an extent that she threatened him with a breach of promise suit, while Miss Perkins in her spirit of pique, eloped with the President who has resigned from the town with a barrel of tar and the contents of a feather bed concealed on his person.

Mr. Braun and Miss Jaiques are fighting it out in the courts with chances largely in favor of the young lady, while

the President and his wife are spending their honey-moon gathering goose quills.

In the meantime, the Matrimonial Society is in a very bad way, and the only way they can arrange matters, such is their mutual confidence, is by going into a committee of the whole and drawing names from a hat with results which so far seem to be eminently satisfactory, as far as the old maids are concerned, but which carry consternation into the hearts of the younger generation.

* * *

"WHEN Mr. Irving and Miss Terry return," said Mrs. Spriggins, "I'm going to take in the whole of their *repartee*."

* * *

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* discusses Political Reformers in Hungary.

This is the home of the party so aptly described by Mr. George William Curtis as being very thirsty and very Hungarian.

* * *

NOW that the doctors are using frog-skin to graft over granulating wounds on account of the scarcity of human skin, we presume the makers of flag-staffs, masts and such articles will find some use for the tad-pole.

* * *

WE are glad to see that the subject of lower tolls on the Brooklyn Bridge is being agitated.

One cent is too much to require of a man who wants to walk across. In our humble opinion he should be paid not less than half a dollar, and be given a life insurance policy as protection against the Bridge Police.

The next thing to be discussed is lower tolls in our church steeples on Sunday mornings.

We are invariably awakened by their obnoxious peals Sunday after Sunday, and although constant readers of the *Tribune* supplement, cannot get rest enough to recoup the nerve tissue—a tissue peculiar to "literary fellers."

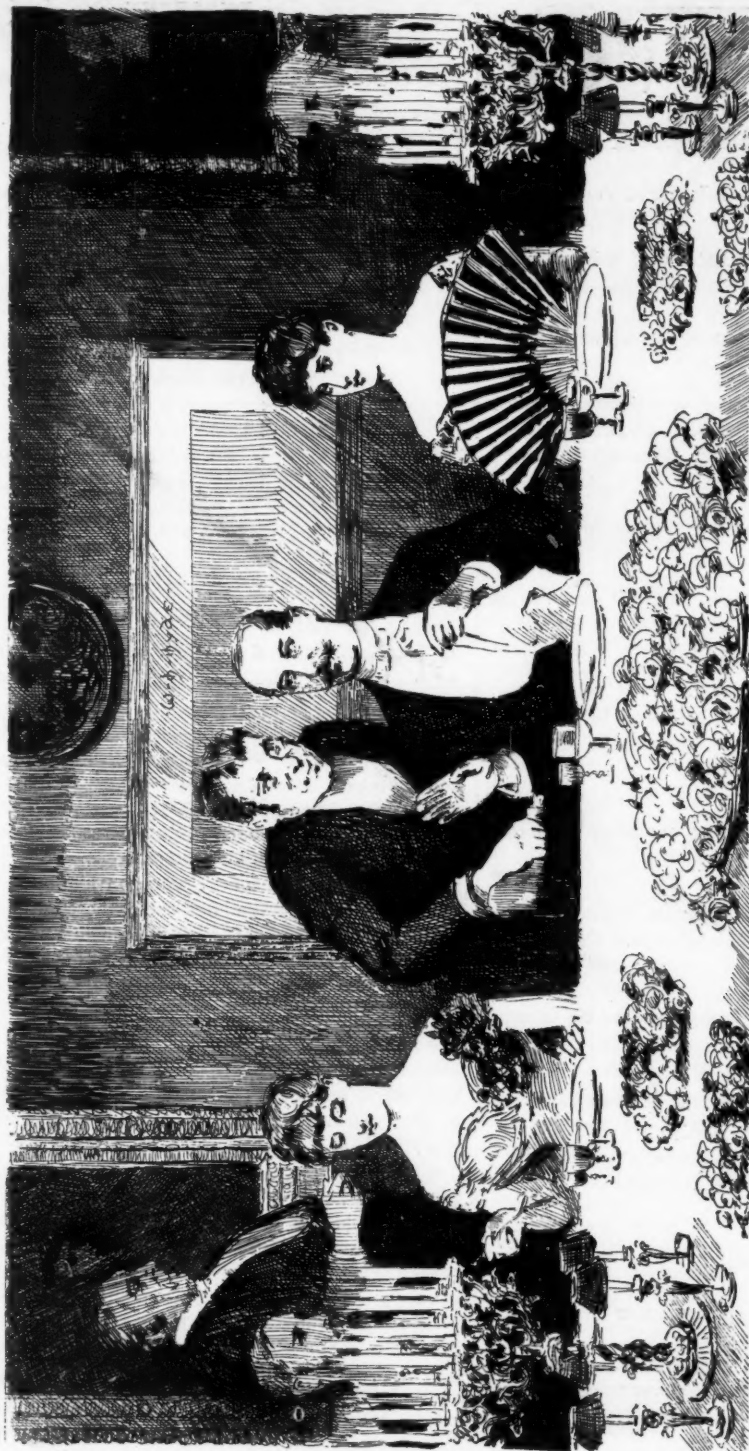
The tolls must go!

* * *

THE rumor that Governor Cleveland has decided to appoint *LIFE* the journal of the Administration is without foundation, in fact.

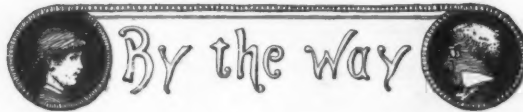
If, however, the Governor has it in his mind to do so, *LIFE* is, of course, willing, provided only that the President-elect plank down the five necessary inducements.

We are forced to demand this because of Mr. Cleveland's avowed determination not to accept presents of value.



A WARNING.

Mr. H., a mighty diner out, has so frequently encountered a certain waiter from a well-known catering establishment that he has dropped into the habit of seeing him. The present occasion is a dinner at the Delaunay's, and our friend H.—declines a certain wine. Robert (in a sepulchral whisper): YOU'D BETTER TAKE SOME, SIR. IT'S THE BEST THING THEY'VE GOT HERE.



MR. DEPEW declines to take a hand in piloting the Ship of State.

It is more profitable to steer the railroads of Vanderbilt.

* * *

A WASHINGTON dispatch states that thieves broke into Mr. Secor Robeson's dwelling, and stole \$500 worth of jewelry.

Is it possible there is no honor among them, after all?

* * *

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN, somewhere between France and China, a small red war. Of no value to anyone but owners. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving same where he found it.

M. JULES FERRY,
J. HONG KONG TSENG, } Owners.

* * *

THE State Board of Health claim to have "their eye on the cholera."

Is this the much-talked-of cholera scare?

* * *

IF Mr. Evarts goes to the Senate, he should be given two terms at once, so that he may be able to finish the opening sentence of his first Senatorial speech.

* * *

BBLACK silk hose for fire companies are not in vogue this season.

* * *

A CONTEMPORARY, in discussing the Senatorial question, says, "Mr. Warren, Mr. Miller and Gen. Sharpe put their heads together."

Happy idea!

They may be able altogether to make one head big enough for the position.

* * *

SOLILOQUY FOR CONGRESSIONAL ASPIRANTS.

TO be or not to be, that is the question!
Whether 't is better to be a big man in homely ways
That sling great boodle and outrageous fortunes,
Or smallest of the small,
Where moth and rust corrupt,
And thieves need not break through!
The land-grants and thousand natural rocks
That Congress is heir to! And appropriations
Devoutly to be wished! To lie—to vote.
To vote! Perchance to scheme! Ay, there's the rub,
For in the scheme what wealth for votes may come?
When we have shuffled off these mortal spoils!
Oh, give us paws! There's the respect
That makes calamity of so few hands.

REPARTEE.

THEY were lunching, one day,
In a handsome *café*,
And she happened to say,
As she noticed the way
That he and ice-cream were in unity,
"Can you eat ice-cream with impunity?"
And he made the reply,
With a wink of the eye,
"No, but I can with a spoon."

But her triumph came soon;
As they left the saloon,
He gave her a good opportunity:
"And now, Bessie, dear,
As the weather is clear,
Can you take a walk with impunity?"
Her smile was as bright as the moon,
And deliciously shy
Came the mocking reply,
"No, but I can with a spoon."

BEN WOOD DAVIS.

THE IDEAL MAN'S DRESS.

MESSRS. OSCAR WILDE and Wentworth Huyshe have been discussing how the ideal man should dress.

This is exceedingly hard luck for the ideal man! That he should fall into the hands of a gentlemen with so unpronounceable an autograph as Huyshe, whom were he not an Englishman we should familiarly call Hash for short, is bad enough. But when we reflect that he has also fallen into the hands of Mr. Oscar Wilde who proceeds at once to tear off the comfortable garments placed upon him by Mr. Has—Huyshe, and build around him one of those unsitdownable, unstandupinable and in fact undoanythinginbutswearable rigs of his, our hearts go out in sympathy for him.

In the first place what need has the Ideal Man to dress, anyhow?

No one ever sees him! Why cannot he be left alone dressed up—if so it must be—in trousers of mystery; coat and vest of invisibility; a necktie of airy nothing, and a pair of slippers neatly embroidered with highly colored imagination?

We are forced to conclude that his tormentors are of the genus crank!

Oscar Wilde can get fame in other ways than this. Every time he cuts his hair, for instance, the *Tribune* has a cablegram to that effect followed by a two column letter on the subject a week or so later. He should be satisfied.

As for Mr. Huyshe, he is a friend of Oscar's.

WE have received a circular from the Fonoscribing or Brief Spelling Publishing Company in Philadelphia. It states that "th comn splng is the silyst thng in histry." Yrite, yrite! Bt wotcher gon tdo bout it?

BOOKISHNESS

POEMS BY A MARQUIS AND OTHER BOOKS.

SINCE the Marquis of Lorne has condescended to let an ordinary world enjoy his poetry, we cannot be surprised that Le Marquis De Leuville has appeared in the plebeian ranks of the men of song. His "Poems and Aelia" are worthy of his rank. None other than a full-fledged Marquis, with no end of Stars and Garters (and perhaps corsets), could have written such lines as these:

"She is more loved than my heart's first love,
For there never was one as this is;
Her breath is the swerve of a long lemon grove,
And her mouth is the gateway of kisses."

AND if you tire of the melodious murmurs of his love poems, you can find depths of philosophy which it would stump the Concord School to fathom. How the venerable sage who invented the "thingness of the here" would delight in such abstruse verses as these:

"While the Past saith to the Is to be:
'It matters not. It matters not.'"

THERE have been issued recently a number of entertaining and delightful books of travel, of which, perhaps, the handsomest is Lady Brassey's "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties." (Henry Holt & Co.) It is the vivacious record of a cruise of 14,000 miles in the yacht *Sunbeam*.—Chief Engineer Melville's volume, on his remarkable trips in search of De Long, Chipp and their parties, is called "In the Lena Delta." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) He has the temerity to propose a new and elaborate plan for reaching the pole.

A POLITICAL work of unusual interest is soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is a careful analysis of Congressional or Representative government, as it is exhibited in this country and Europe. The aim is to clearly portray the workings of the machinery of government. The author, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, of Johns Hopkins University, has given this subject years of patient study. His admirable style of political writing was forcibly illustrated several years ago in his essay on "Cabinet Government," in the *International Review*. DROCH.

NOTES.—The Nutshell series consisting of five bijou volumes comprising Philosophy, Epigram and Epitaph, Wit and Humor, Proverbs, Wisdom and Sentiment in short, crisp sentences, deserves especial commendation. Their editor, Helen Kendrick Johnson, has shown rare taste in her selection, and the Messrs. Putnam, publishers, have certainly given the lovers of this class of books a novel and attractive set.

The same house has published a very artistic volume entitled the "Land of Rip Van Winkle," by Mr. A. E. P. Spearing. It is charmingly illustrated by a variety of Ameri-



NO ALLOWANCE FOR THE WILLOW'S GROWTH.

Pompey: JUSELUM CRICKETS! I HAIN' A GWINE TO MEASUAH WID YOU NO MO! I'S DUN SETTLED WAY DOWN B'LOW MY LAS YEAH MARK. I'S HEARD A POW-FUL HEAP 'BOUT SHORT HAN' LATELY, BUD I DID 'N' KNOW DE DISEASE WUS SPREADIN' FREW DE HUL SYSTEM.

can artists, making one of the most attractive of holiday books.—Mr. Scollard's verses, some of which have appeared in our own columns, have been published in book form under the title of *Pictures In Song*. They make a dainty little volume which cannot fail to please the lovers of *vers de société*.

FEW better books have been written for boys than "Captain Phil," by M. M. Thomas. The story is that of a lad who accompanied his elder brother to the war as a camp follower of a regiment of New York volunteers. The accounts of the skirmishes and battles of the Army of the Potomac (as the little captain saw them) and of Sherman's March to the Sea are told with inspiring vividness and careful historical accuracy. The style is spirited and man-like, but the way in which the horrible scenes of the battle-field are touched upon would seem to indicate that the book is from a woman's pen.

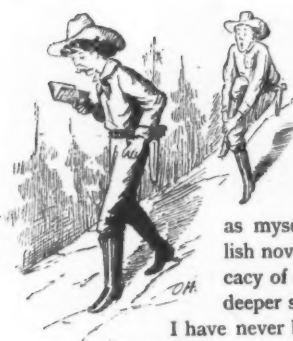
BOOKS RECEIVED.

In the Trades, The Tropics and the Roaring Forties. By Lady Brassey. Illustrated by R. T. Pritchett. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

In the Lena Delta. A narrative of the search for Lieut.-Commander De Long and his companions, followed by an account of the Greely Relief Expedition, by George W. Melville. Edited by Melville Phillips. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

HOW WE DO IT.—No. 2.

BY W. DOWELLS.

SKOUGHEGAN, Maine,
December 18th.

I READ with great interest my friend Ennery's remarks in a recent number of LIFE, especially his postscript, which perhaps, was just a trifle too evident. That he, as well as myself are superior to the English novelists is due to greater delicacy of touch, and I consider, to a deeper study of woman.

I have never been abroad, and so cannot, of course, date the commencement of my mental flow of ideas from any such inspiration. In my "Lady of the Aroostuck," I admit I invaded Ennery's domain as well as in that other better story, "A Chance Acquaintance," but my chief success, and where I feel at home, are my invalid women, in New England.

My invalid women! How I love them—one after the other as they come nimbly from my facile pen! They are real, they are true, and whenever in future the literature of the Victorian era is mentioned, my invalid women will stand in the foremost rank. All their mental freaks, their whims, their strained and unnatural virtues, their casuistical self questionings, their anxieties, their woes, yes my invalid women are my chief and permanent glory. To such a degree do I devote myself to them that when I attempt a male hero, he, too, bless him, becomes an invalid woman in trousers at my delicate and genial touch.

You see, New England is full of them. In Massachusetts they outnumber the sterner sex, I believe, thirteen to one. I cannot go anywhere but I count them by the dozens, and I "study" them. In fact, I cannot stop to study any other kind of being. I do n't see any other kind. I do n't want to do so. This is my secret, and I trust it will be held in confidence.

Look at any one of my characterizations—women, my boy, all women! I tried to make a manlike hero once in "A Modern Instance." What was the result? Why he turned out to be—oh, horror of horrors, a beer drinker! I kept thinking of him as a woman, and when I did so I realized how dreadful it was for a woman to drink beer.

I call on any one to show a single manly, virile character on my pages. Why, my men commit feminine faults, not masculine errors. But I do claim that my valetudinarian women are, some of them, very real. Are you aware of the secret which made the situation of the "Lady of the Aroostuck" perfectly proper? It was because there were *only* females with their strange, affected little moral quibbles on board. And it is the unconscious realization of this fact which prevents the situation from appearing at all strained.

Yes, I have done a great deal for woman in thus bringing her to the front. I have made all her petulant, silly, sensitive or sickly moods good literature. Instead of a father of a family now saying, "For Heaven's sake, Kate, stop complaining, stop whimpering, stop your sickly sentimentality," he says, "Ah, Kate, I have only learned to know the strange variety of your moods since this last book of Mr. Dowells."

As for my style, it is also feminine, gentle, clear, and I must confess, without mystification. Much as I admire Mr. Jeems, I myself do n't see through all he says sometimes. I enjoy what I call "realism," but that is, I confess, mostly traceable to my splendid fancy, rather than to fact. My studies of New England village life, where I have passed most of my time, are very just and true, but I do n't pride myself on anything but my women—with them I stand or fall.

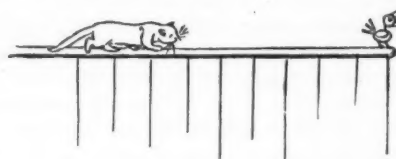
I am engaged now on a novel depicting mining life in Colorado. You would smile to see how I make what you would suppose to be hardy, tough, rough, masculine miners into namby pamby, quibbling misses. The plot turns on the biggest and boldest miner (a huge fellow of 6 ft. 6 and big in proportion) not apologizing for treading on the toes of another fellow by mistake. It is going to work out very well—but who ever heard of women working in a mine—except mine?

Yours truthfully,

W. DOWELLS.

OSCAR WILDE says that the broad-brimmed hat of 1640 kept the rain of winter and the glare of summer from the face.

True enough, Oscar, but that was when "that old hat was new," and before the terrible small boy learned to shout, "Shoot the Hat."



THE WARBLE OF YOUTH.

TRA la la! Too whit! Too whee!
I am young, and full of glee.
In this fair world that I see
Naught but joy will come to me.



(Wager—(1) \$50 that the bird will sing another tune when it learns which way the cat jumps; and—(2) \$25.17 that the dog will not remain seated much longer.)

W. P.

JOURNALISM IN MOROCCO.



WE have investigated the rumor that the Emperor of Morocco, Muley Hassan, is the only subscriber to a newspaper in the empire, a small weekly Arabic journal printed in Algiers, and find it most unfortunately to be true.

The editor of course is an exceedingly rich man. This is a little peculiarity of editors which distinguishes them from people one meets in the ordinary routine of daily life, such as Kings, Emperors of Morocco and New York Aldermen.

Mr. Hassan is very fond of journalism indeed, but found it very difficult to find a market for his productions. The only journal in the first place that could decipher his Emperosity's MS. was the *New York Tribune*, which has profited by its past orthographic experiences with such writers as the late Mr. Greeley and the more recent Mrs. Gail Hamilton and is in consequence enabled to at least "catch on" to the main drift of an article. The *Tribune* was not appreciative of Mr. Hassan's writings, and as the Emperor had no control over what the *Tribune* is pleased to call its "head"—which in his own country was the price the editor paid the Emperor for a rejection of his poem—he made small headway in the paths of literature. Then he sent a leader once to the *Herald* and a poem to the *Century*, both of which to his horror appeared. We say to his horror, for the leader was used by the *Herald* as a map of the war in Africa, while the *Century* honored its noble contributor by using his poem as a design for its Christmas cover.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. Hassan decided to start a paper of his own in which he could print his own leaders and use his poems in the legitimate way.

A prominent banker in Algiers was informed one evening by telegraph that the Emperor would gladly subscribe for his paper and had sent in a two-dollar postal note as a clincher.

The gentleman immediately replied that he had no paper but the Emperor politely told him not to mention it, but to get one or else remit his head by return post.

So the paper appeared, Muley contributing all the editorials while the funny paragraphs were written by leading society

youths of Algiers who were employed to do the work on a salary of being allowed to live, which salary was docked as soon as a paragraph appeared over which Mr. Hassan was not convulsed. It is said that the mortality among Morocco humorists increased 100 per cent the first year. But that humorous column was wonderful to behold and was a grand success until a clipping from the Pebbles column of an American Religious Weekly got in by mistake which caused a revolution. The Emperor's wrath was terrible, and those who were present say that nothing like it was ever seen outside of the *Herald* office. Fortunately the Emperor was appeased and the paper is running along smoothly just at present. In politics it is solid for Muley, although like many of the newspapers in our own city there is n't a man on the whole staff that would write what he does concerning the Political leader were it not to his own personal interest to do as he is bid.

WHERE LIES THE BLAME?

CHRISTMAS is a season when all are supposed to be, merry, whatever their circumstances of life, but it is hard to imagine the poor woman depicted by our artist in our cartoon this week, "making merry over the good things which Christmas brings."

Over what at this season can she make merry?—her husband mayhaps sick, her children starving!

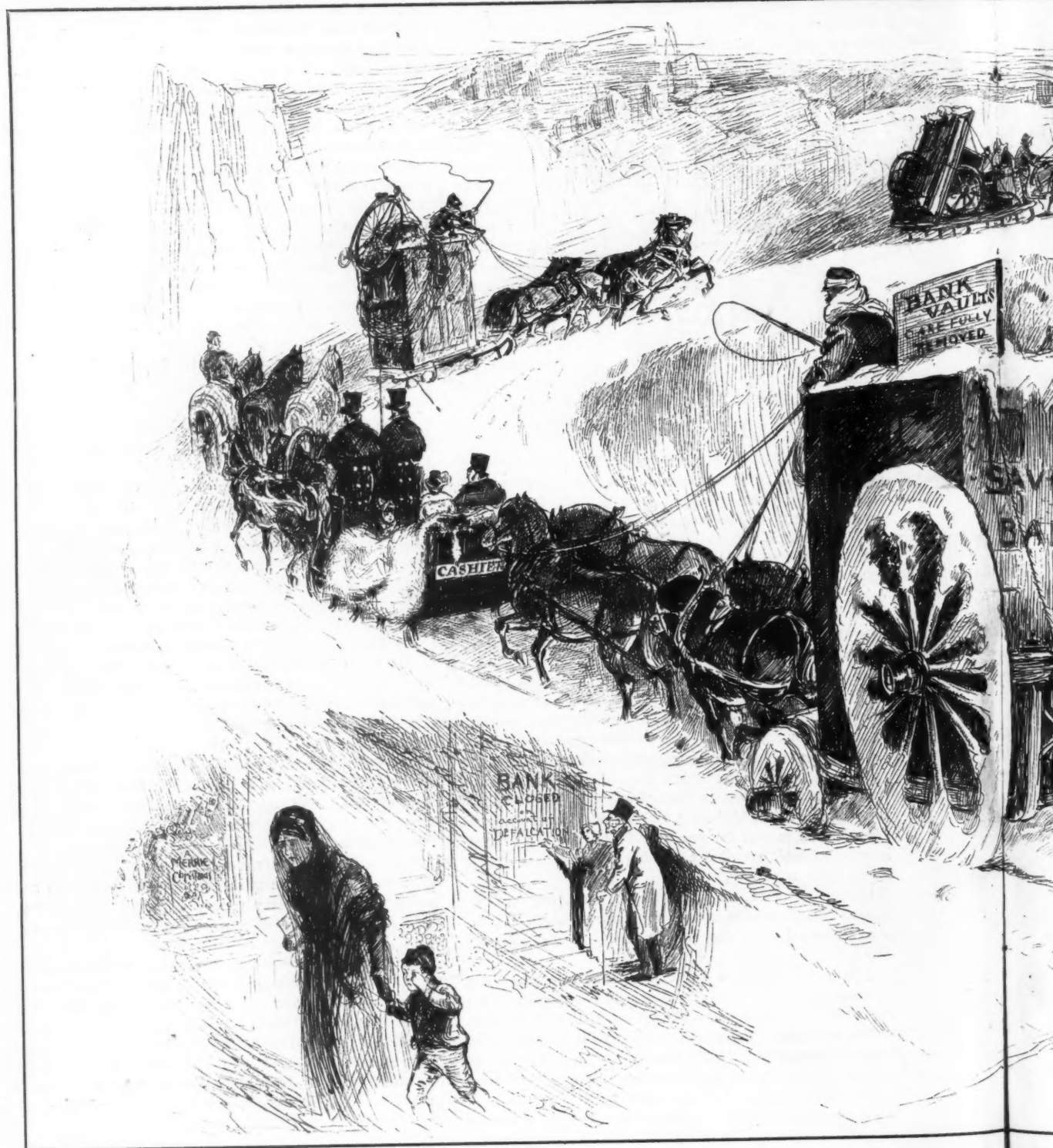
Compare this Christmas with last! Then a happy home, even though poor; and comfort, because if rainy days shall come, there is something laid by to fall back upon. Now the bright fire on the hearth has gone out; starvation stares her in the face, and worse yet, stares in her children's faces. The rainy day has come! But where is the snug little sum so comforting last year? Gone to purchase something to make her or her little ones' lives brighter? No. Gone with the merry tide of "erring" financiers to Canada, and even now doubtless being paid out for wines, cigars, and other necessities of the ex-American banker who now graces Canadian society.

And the rich man whose influence is of such a nature that he can institute laws to check this outrage upon justice, what of him? Oh, *his* losses were really so slight, you know, that it is hardly worth while to do anything about it.

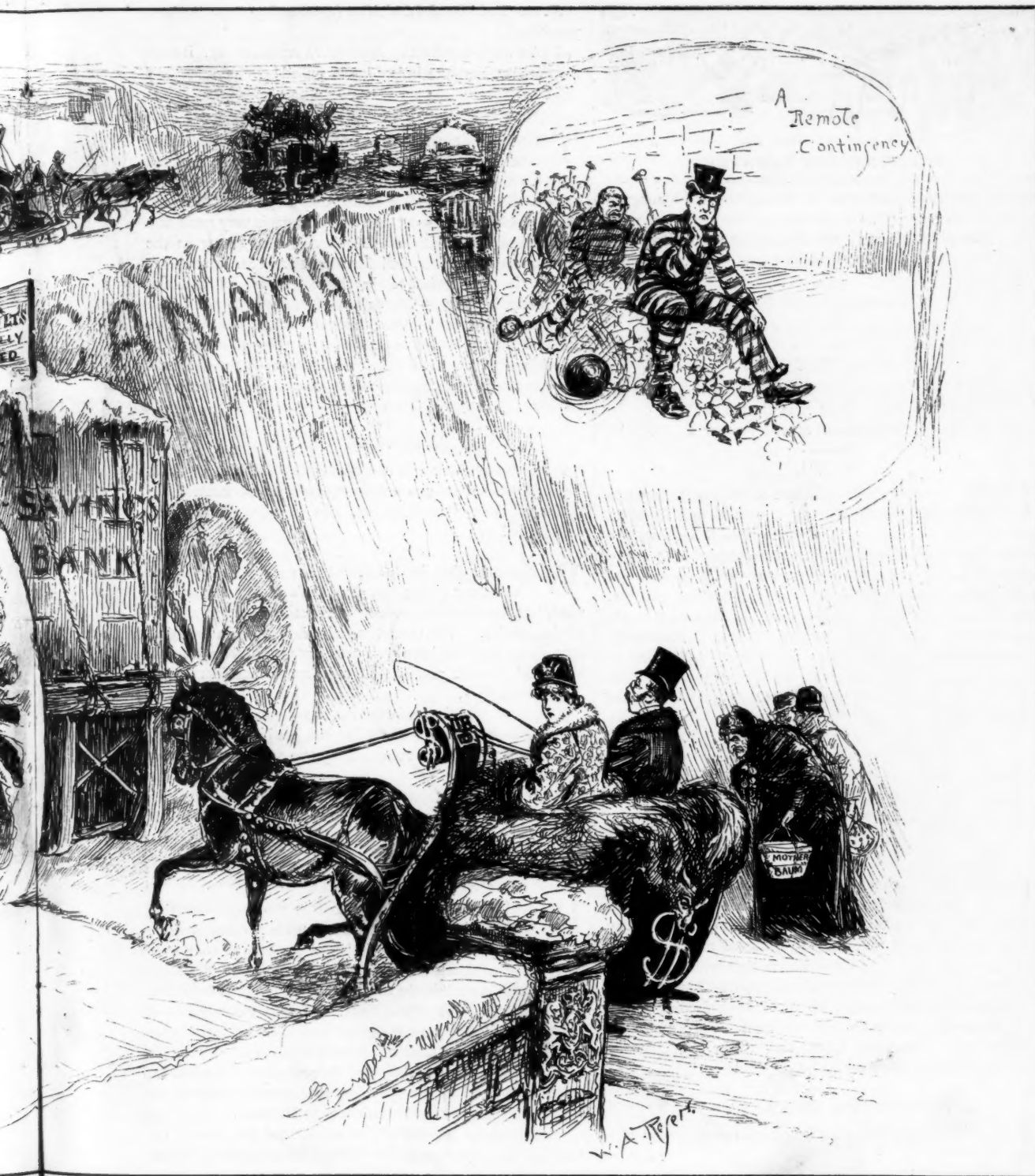
Now who is to blame for this woman's misery?

It is the fault of the men who "can stand the loss," because knowing the defects in the law in such matters and having the power to remedy these defects, they simply say, "Oh, I can stand it. It's too much bother to do anything."

And years will come and go; and men of "undoubted integrity" will come and as surely go; and the poor woman will be consoled by the company of thousands of others like her, all because it's "too much bother to do anything" until some day the rich man will awake and find himself as poor as the woman, too late to "hurt Charley's or John's feelings by prosecuting him." And the sooner this happens the better, for as it is Christmas comes but once a year, but this Goes On Forever! Stop it while you can!



THE LANDING OF THE
CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR BUT



G OF THE PILGRIMS.
EE A EAR BUT THIS GOES ON FOREVER.



UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

MESSRS. SHOOK & COLLIER, . Proprietors and Managers.

First production of a new Farce Comedy, called

"THREE WIVES;

OR,

MORMONISM MADE EASY!"

Adapted from the French by a Milleken-Man.

BEFORE THE PLAY.

FIRST Young Man who can speak French: Ou m'a dit que c'est très-salé. Je ne vous dis que ça!

Second Young Man who can speak French: Faut voir!

ACT I.

THERE are two uncles and there are two nephews; one uncle wants his nephew to get married, and the other uncle does not want his nephew to get married. One nephew wants to get married, and the other nephew does not want to get married. Of course, the nephew who wants to get married is the nephew whose uncle does not want him to get married. And, of course, it is the nephew who does not want to get married whose uncle wants him to get married. Obviously, therefore, the nephew who wants to get married gets into all sorts of scrapes, and to help him out the nephew who does not want to get married, pretends to be married to three different ladies. Curtain.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

First Bald-headed Old Man: What do you think?

Second Bald-headed Old Man: I think as you do.

Third Bald-headed Old Man: That's why I think!

ACT II.

THIS is very much what might have been expected under the circumstances. There are two uncles and two nephews and three wives (who are not wives at all), and they are all mingled, and tangled, and confused and combined, until the brain reels and the stomach tires with laughter at the comicality of the intricacies of this Franco-Chinese puzzle. The nephew who wants to get married takes a sleeping potion intended for the uncle who does not want his nephew to get married. So the wedding takes place under difficulties, as the bridegroom is asleep on his post. Curtain.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

First Bald-headed Old Man (with glistening eyes): It's steep, is n't it?

Second Bald-headed Old Man (with a deep joy): So steep you fall off!

Third Bald-headed Old Man (with enthusiasm): It beats the Parisian Varieties before it was pulled!

ACT III.

THIS is very much what might have been expected under the circumstances. Of course the uncle who does not want his nephew to get married, invites everybody out to his place in the country, and, of course, they all go. Mr. Stoddard as one uncle is very funny, and Mr. Magnus is very good as a Frenchman, and Miss Nelly Howard is very pretty as the Frenchman's daughter, and Mr. Barnes and Mr. Mason are fair as the two nephews. In the end all is explained, and everybody is happy—except the Monkey's Head. The nephew who does not want to get married, suddenly marries the Frenchman's daughter, and so everything goes merry as a wedding belle. The farce could be cleaned; the dirt in it is emphatically matter in the wrong place; and the acting is excellent. Curtain.

AFTER THE PLAY.

First Young Man who can speak French: Par çï, par là, il y a des choses oh, des choses vraiment inconvenantes!

Second Young Man who can speak French: Pour raide, c'est raide!

A. Z.

WE regret that lack of time before going to press prevents our giving Mr. Carleton's play, "Victor Durand," produced at Wallack's on Thursday evening, any extended notice. We cannot refrain, however, from saying that there has not been produced for years a play of such sustained interest and so full of dramatic incident by an American author.

The first night's performance demonstrates beyond a reasonable doubt that "Victor Durand" is booked for a long and popular run. Its reception by the audience was most enthusiastic.

With our congratulations, therefore, to Mr. Carleton, Mr. Wallack, and the actors who so ably sustained the roles, we leave further notice of the play until next week.

NOT WHAT HE INTENDED.

IT might as well be plainly stated at the very outset that John loved Matilda, and that Matilda felt a consuming passion for John. The description of our hero is completed by giving his full name—John Wesley Bethune—and stating that he was a clerk in the office of Messrs. Beemish & Co., wholesale dry goods, New York. Matilda Pemmican was old "Jim" Pemmican's daughter, and lived with her father and mother on the ancestral farm at Blissville.

All through the long July and August days, John had sat on his high stool at the office copying invoices, making out bills and writing surreptitious letters to Matilda.

Sometimes, as he carefully wiped his red-ink pen on the sleeve of his alpaca coat, his thoughts would drift far away

from his work; the figures on the "monthly statement" would all resolve into one figure—a trim little one it was, too, in a pink cambric dress and a chip hat—and then bowing his head forward to the desk, he would give himself up to memory and imagination. Once when dozing in this position he had suddenly exclaimed, "MATILDA!" in a loud tone, and had sprung to his feet. This unconscious action made John blush most uncomfortably, while all the office roared with laughter, as they cried, "Oh, ho! So *that's* her name, is it?" "I s'pose she's your cousin or your sister?" "Dear Matilda!"

The accountant, Mr. Augustus Mooney, did not laugh, however. His peace of mind was as effectually ruined, for it was now evident to him that his fellow-clerk was in love with the very creature who was the idol of his own affections, and perhaps the reason that she did not encourage his suit, was because she favored that of his rival. And he scowled revengefully between the bars of the pen-holder rack at the abashed and apologetic J. W. Bethune.

Bethune was what is commonly called a "good young man." He was not a Sunday-school superintendent, nor did he ever lead at prayer-meeting, but he annually rented a sitting in a church pew, and each week the postman left at the office the papers to which he subscribed—*The Parish Visitor*, *Bible Society News*, *Religious Weekly*, and *Zion Tribune*.

"Augustus," he said to the accountant on the first of September, "Mr. Beemish has told me to take my two weeks' vacation now, and I am going to leave town this evening. Would you be kind enough to redirect my mail for me while I am away, and see that it is forwarded?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Mooney, frigidly; "with the greatest pleasure. Be so polite as to give me your address."

"Blissville," said Bethune with alacrity, "care of James Pemmican, Esq. Blissville, Cleveland County."

"New York," added the accountant, as he wrote it down. "I will see that your mail is sent without delay. I hope you will have a *very* pleasant time, John. Good-bye." And as the office door softly slammed behind his departing rival he planned an everlasting and overwhelming revenge.

"Ma," said old Pemmican to his wife on the third evening after their guest's arrival, "it's as plain as the nose on your face that John is a-courtin' of our Matilda."

This, Mrs. Pemmican did not contradict. Not because the nose on her face was not decidedly plain, but because it was a statement that admitted of no contradiction.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "what do you think about it?"

"I don't 'zactly know," replied Mr. P. "But it strikes *me* that he's almost *too* good. It ain't nateral for a young feller to talk about the work of the Tract Society *all* the time, nor to be continuoally a-quotin' of the *Zion Tribune*. He may be honest in it all, but it does seem to me as if a good deal of it was put on for appearance's sake."

"I been a-thinkin' pretty much the same's you have," remarked his wife.

"T' other day," continued Mr. P., "when that there wapse crawled in under his pants, all that that feller said was, 'Dear

me. This is *very* distressin'?' I'd a great deal sooner heard him cuss, jest a little. It would have sounded more man-like, anyhow."

"Pre-haps it would," said Mrs. Pemmican. "But what do you think you'll do if he speaks to you about Matilda Louise?"

"I reckon I'll say *No*," answered Mr. P., as if he was addressing the unfortunate John at that very minute. "You are steady and well-to-do, but you're most too pious to be human. You're a-workin' too much of a son-in-law boom with us old folks. You do n't never play cards, nor go to horse trots, nor anything else that most young men do. I'm fond of you, John, an' you *may* get the cashiership of a bank, but you're too all-fired religious!—*that's* what I'm a-goin' to say to him."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Pemmican, "I do hope it'll all turn out right, an' not make any trouble. Any way, I agree with you, pa, in likin' him better than Augustus Mooney, that used to keep company with her in town. Gracious sakes! if it ain't ten o'clock, and they haven't come in from their walk yet. This moonlight *is* nice for the young people, though!"



A LEGAL MIND.

Grandpapa (trying to be severe): NOW, MABEL, TELL ME WHY YOU DIDN'T PUT THAT QUARTER I GAVE YOU INTO THE PLATE AT CHURCH THIS MORNING. I LIKE TO SEE A LITTLE GIRL GIVE CHEERFULLY AND NOT "LET HER RIGHT HAND KNOW WHAT HER LEFT HAND DOETH."

Incorrigible Granddaughter (who is saving the money for candy): THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, GRANDPA. MY RIGHT HAND THOUGHT MY LEFT WAS PUTTING IT IN, AND MY LEFT HAND THOUGHT MY RIGHT WAS, AND SO BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM IT DIDN'T GET PUT IN AT ALL!

The next morning when John entered the dining-room and found the family trio already half through breakfast, he stammered an apology about over-sleeping himself, and at the same time exchanged a glance with Matilda, such as only those who love and have come to a happy understanding with each other, can exchange. The moonlight stroll had evidently settled the matter. John was terribly nervous and exceedingly sleepy, as he had sat up half the night wondering what he should say to old Pemmican, and what old Pemmican would say to him. But he had resolved to speak to him that very day.

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. P. portentously, and he glanced in a knowing manner across the table at his wife. "There's your mail by your plate, John. I went down to the post office before breakfast, an' been keepin' it for you."

"Oh, thank you," said John.

"Ahem!" continued Mr. P. rather more emphatically. "I just pulled out the newspapers an' looked 'em over, as I wanted to see about that war in furrin parts. Moreover, I thought that postal card was for me, first-off, an' read it by mistake. I did n't see your name on the front of it, John."

"Of course, Mr. Pemmican," said John nervously. "You did exactly right, I am very much obliged to you."

He was about to push his mail out of the way, a little to one side, when something unusual in the appearance of the paper attracted his attention, and he picked them up. The *Zion Tribune* looked extraordinarily bulky. He pulled it out, and the *Spirit of the Turf* met his astonished gaze. He clutched at the *Parish Visitor*, but it turned out to be the *Green-Room Gazette*, and as he tore open the *Bible Society News*, the *Police Reporter* fell from his nerveless fingers, displaying a full-page cartoon, entitled "New York by Gaslight." Perhaps the postal card which Mr. Pemmican had read would explain it? He seized it eagerly and read:

"MY DEAR JOHN, I bought the lottery ticket, as requested, and also placed your \$20 with the book-makers on "Aranza." Can not find a single bottle of apple-jack '54 in town, but will express you three bottles of '74 instead. Will have the box marked 'shoes' as you suggest. Hastily yours, Gus."

With an agonizing shriek, John Wesley kicked over his chair, and dashing from the room, fled out of the house and disappeared in the corn-field beyond the ten-acre lot.

Twenty minutes later, as Mr. Pemmican sat on the front porch wondering whether it was another "wapse" that had chased John out of the dining-room, and why he did not return, that unlucky individual suddenly presented himself, looking very much flustered; but yet determined.

"Mr. Pemmican," he began, "I have come to ask you—I mean, to tell you, that, er—that is, you—er—really must be aware, er—at least, Matilda, says, er—"

"Certainly, John," said Mr. Pemmican kindly. "Matilda told us both what happened last night, at breakfast, before you came down. If you'd 'a asked me for her yesterday, I can't say as I'd 'a given my consent. But you ain't so infernal pious, as I thought you was—you're about like the most of us, I reckon; you're none too good, an' none

too bad. As it is, you can have Matilda, an' I'm sure you love her an' will try to make her a good husband. There, now, she's a-waitin' for you to come in an' finish your breakfast. You'd better go in an' have a good time together."

"Pa," said Mrs. P. as she came out of the house a moment afterwards, "Do n't say as how John an' Matilda won't be economical. Leastways in the matter of furniture. They seem to think that *one o' those cane-seat chairs* is plenty big enough for two."

CARLSBAD.



A BEAR once fell in love with a Setting Hen, and told her one day that she might go to a picnic, and he would hatch out her eggs for her. She consented, and the gallant Bear took his position on the nest in the regulation manner, but soon got up looking as if he had been reclining in a bowl of egg-nog as a substitute for an arm-chair. "The next Hen I fall in love with must do her own hatching," he remarked to himself in great disgust, as he took his melancholy departure; "I hatched out the eggs at the very first clatter, but there are no chickens in them."

MORAL :—This Fable teaches that some duties pertaining to the domestic economy are too subtle and mysterious to be brilliantly discharged by the Lords of Creation.



GOOD AS GOLD.

THERE'S the girl with the smiling face,
The girl with the witching eye,
There's the girl with stately grace,
And the girl that is modest and shy;
There's the girl with the winning air,
The girl that's reserved and cold.
There's the girl with the curly hair,
And the girl that is rather old;
There's the girl that is grand and tall,
The girl with the dimpled chin,
But the girl that beats them all
Is the girl that has got the tin.

—Boston Courier.

DO N'T fret if you cannot go into society. The oyster is often present at a supper when he would perhaps prefer to be at home in bed.—*Boston Courier.*

"OH, dear," sighed a farmer's wife wearily, as she dropped into a chair after a hard day's work, "I feel as if I were going to be sick. My head throbs, and my back aches dreadfully, and—" "By gosh," interrupted the farmer, starting up and seizing his hat, "that reminds me. I forgot to give that two-year-old colt his condition powders to-night, and he's been a-wheezin' all day," and he hurried to the barn.—*Hartford Times.*

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"WHERE were you when the first shot was fired in this row?" the magistrate asked the policeman who made the complaint. "Right on the spot; right in the crowd," replied the officer, proudly. "And where were you when the second shot was fired?" And with blushing reserve the officer modestly admitted: "Three blocks down the street, under the stone bridge, at the end of the culvert."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE entire business portion of a Western town was reported as destroyed by fire, and when a charity association made inquiry, to render some assistance, it was discovered that a solitary saloon had been swept away.—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.*

ALL THE FAMILY.

"ROBBIE," said the visitor kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?"

"No," replies wee Robbie, solemnly. "I'm all the children we've got."—*Ex.*

A BOSTON lawyer was during the Presidential election a pronounced Independent. At the Republican caucus in his ward objections were made to his taking part in the proceedings on account of his departure from the regular ticket. Upon returning home he remarked to his family that he was discarded because he was a "mugwump." His attentive little daughter heard the conversation, and the next day said to several callers assembled in the parlor, "Papa was turned out of a meeting last night because he was a chipmunk!"—*Exchange.*

"If you do n't keep out of this yard you'll catch it," said a woman to a boy in West Lynn. "All right," answered the gamin; "I would n't have come in if I'd known your folks had it."—*Lynn Item.*

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[From the Worcester Gazette.]

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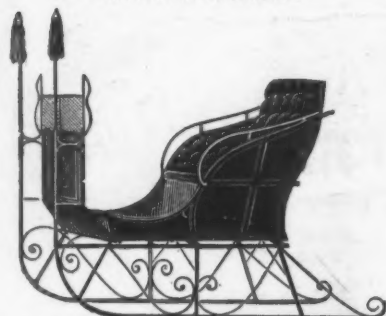
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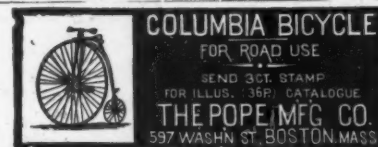
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